Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER. DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XV. PHILADELPHIA, MAY 21, 1836. Whole No. 775.

Ruins about the Taj Mahal. Agra.

The engraving gives a view of Taj Mahal, as it is called by the natives, or the Mausoleum, the second gem that appears in the drawing, is the way one approaches it, and though large specie of ground, that lies between the great entrance and front wall of the Taj Mahal. The Taj Mahal is very justly celebrated as the finest building of the Mohammedans, and as one of the monuments of Hindostan; its design is at once elegant and chaste; its dimensions are grand, and its execution admirable; the materials of which it is constructed are the finest kinds of marble, and of the best quality; its exterior and interior ornaments and embellishments are elaborately rich; such was the structure as described as a complete and exquisitely finished work a graceful and noble style of architecture, and when examined separately in all its various and minute particulars, it exhibits an extensive fine structure, might easily assert, any thing of the kind that ever been on the face of the earth, at the day, to arouse attention, and demand the admiration, of those who feel and understand taste.

The modern district of Agra joins the Delhi district in a short distance north of Kosum, and extends along the banks of the Jumna in conjunction with the river. On the west it is bounded by the pergunnahs of Deeg, the Bhurtpore territories, and the pergunnahs of Dholpore, Barree, and Rajakera. That portion situated between the Chumbul and the Jumna is table-land, elevated above the banks of both rivers many feet, and composed of a light soil. In many parts, during the dry season, it becomes sterile, trivolers are without water, which, for agriculture and domestic purposes, is procured from wells. Cultivation, in the province, when compared with its capabilities, is in a very backward condition, less made but in progress. The waste lands are numerous, and not for the manufacture of saltpetre, or for the purposes of agriculture.

The most memorable of the provinces of Agra, following account has been given in the Indian Gazetteer: "The names are in general a hodgepodge race of men, and consist in a mixture of the Hindoo and Mussulman races, and the Seiks having to no small extent. A considerable number of the Rajpoots in the district are descended from Jaisal, a dynasty of the Machherry Rajah contains many Hindoo religion is still predominant, although Mussulmans has been in a considerable degree to Mahomedan princes since the fourteenth century. Parganes are the Rajpoot and Beauniseal races partly Mussulmans."

Asher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book (London) for contains an exquisite portrait of youthful loveliness, entitled "The Children of Lord Abercorn," Bernard Barton, has appended the following

Sport, not that the artist's pride,
Can be found? this lovely page,
Where childhood's beauty is enshrined,
Should have named it "The Golden Age."
Yet, for girlish grace and sportive prime,
Or for calm, and unsullied by Crime.

Not as age so blasted, and pure, and bright,
In a world, which is not its right;
Yet as spirits as gay, and its hearts as light,
As it knows not the withering flowers
And fitting forward cities manchild,
Is a heritage to hold.

But age when the heart is in blithesome glee
Is not all that the young believe them see
Of the gay, and the glad, and the free;
Nor grief a paleness, and joy a rose,
Nor the whispers of hope the worst foes.

Every change on a welcome the time, design'd
Of the joyous poesy and fate;
Then hasty and vision time may find
Tender as free from care,
Though a type of the Golden Age,
The being portray'd in the pensive page.

Don't think not I would cloud the brow
Of the youth
That bosom which throbs so lightly now
With a warning sound of chill;
Shortly the bard of his sailing high,
Nor the maiden of her girlish sigh.

Is the morning of Life? Be blithe and gay
And the little which around them sing;
Whatever the lot, or the part of the day,
Best evening as sundown most bring.
Be the darkness of fate must more follow that we
Not the fast-fading twilight hash taken its leave.

Let then now! Let thy memory be a guide
To the past thy judgment
And where stars come forth in the heaven
Let them be to thy wishes and love;
And such unsullied the gathering night
As a morning of June.

The Spring-time of being; yet bear in mind
Its passage will not long bind,
The autumn will linger not long behind,
And winter will come,
And the blossoms that lustrous now,
And when Summer shall be o'er,
Shall fade and fall from the bough
To grow thy Winter store!
Yet, as the Spring-time of mortal life changes bring,
Think know an everlasting Spring.

Then in the youth beneath of Him
Who gave the heart to thee,
And his light in thy breast become not dim,
But burn with purity,
Thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
Patience, and beauty, and strength, to thee!

From the Penrose Almanac.

Blanch's Letters.

THINGS AND THOUGHTES IN VENICE.—NO. LIV

Sept. 16 1835.

The traveller, it must look Venice to the one of the most interesting and most beautiful cities of the world—the Queen of the Adriatic, and the Bride of the Sea. Poets have teemed with a greater efforts. Poetical descriptions of her, and historians have written volumes upon her. Her setting sun may not upon the very waves of the sea, and her rising sun may not upon the very waves of the sea, and her rising sun may not upon the very waves of the sea, and her rising

Single Copies of the S. E. Post,

Are very much in demand at
McMakin's N. E. News Depot, 312 N. Third st.
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Morgan's do. High street, above Fervent.
Carlile's do. In Exchange.
Mrs. McWilliams's Variety Store, 33 N. Fifth street.
Wm. Berdel's Grocery, corner Fifth and Jackson st.

Saturday Evening Post.

MAY 24, 1828.

To Readers and Correspondents.

We are obliged to a Friend and Subscriber, and regret that we cannot find room for his communication.

The point of Doctr's lines is good, the verse, however, will require some revisal before it can appear in print.

Pro Bono publico, we shrewdly respect will be the only person benefitted by his proposal. It is inadmissible.

A Church Yard Tale, and Lays of the Lost, are under consideration.

The wish of Eliza shall be gratified. We are slaves to the fair.

Mr. Benjamin Matthias, who has for several years past, assisted us in the editorial department of the Saturday Evening Post, and Joshua L. Taylor, our estimable book-keeper for eight years past, have purchased the subscription list of the Philanthropist, and intend issuing a weekly periodical under the title of the *Saturday Chronicle*. We presume no assertions will be spared to make it popular and interesting.

Messrs. A. Godey, & Co. also propose to commence a weekly paper, (to be the Eighth Wonder of the World,) early in July, and we have heard of other paprs allow it to astonish the natives," which are intended to be issued about the same time.

As we have no idea of losing caste, or lagging behind in the emulous race for the prize of public favour, we have made arrangements for speedily enlarging the borders of the Saturday Evening Post, and materially, by adding to the length of our present columns and giving four additional ones. We do not mean to boast much of what we intend to do, as we would avoid the imputation of puffing for public favour, but we shall adopt the motto of the Scottish chieftain—"DEEDS SHAW."

Mr. Harrington, the Ventriloquist, having yielded to numerous solicitations, will continue his exhibitions at the American Museum, for a few evenings more. This engagement, however, cannot possibly be extended much longer. And we would inform those whose time have not yet seen his wonderful and entertaining performances, to give him an early call. The Concert of sapirado for public favour, but we shall adopt the motto of the Scottish chieftain—"DEEDS SHAW."

WEST PHILADELPHIA RAIL-ROAD COMPANY.

We have received the first annual report of the West Philadelphia Rail-road Company, by which it will be seen, that the resources of the Company are fully equal to the completion of the road, in the most durable and permanent manner, agreeably to the engineer's estimate.—The Stockholders are informed that in 6 months the entire line of the road may be expected to be in operation, the report of the chief engineer certifying that the rail-road may be open for travel by the first day of November next.

By this favorable route, the inclined plane, at Belmont, will be avoided, a new outlet will be opened in an almost straight line from Market street, and vicinity of cars, propelled by steam or live engines, will give that one hour in advance of those which pass over the inclined plane, by the

SQUABBLES AT WASHINGTON.

A contest between J. Q. Adams and General Jackson, respecting the Treaty made by President Monroe, with Don Onis, in 1819, is growing warm at Washington. Mr. Adams was then Secretary of State, and as he recently declared on the floor of the House of Representatives, submitted the Treaty to General Jackson *during the negociations*, and that he approved of the boundary line between the United States and Mexico, which rejected the Province of Texas. Gen. Jackson says that he has no recollection of the fact, and through the Globe, accuses Mr. Adams of falsehood, pointing to the papers of the day, that at the time the Treaty was signed he was at Baltimore and Philadelphia. There is no doubt that Mr. Adams will be able to prove the correctness of his assertion, and that Gen. Jackson has forgotten the circumstance. The attempt of the Globe, to prove that on the day of signing the Treaty, Gen. Jackson was at Philadelphia, and that *therefore* he could not have been acquainted with its contents, is a silvelright monstrosity to reason, and is only one of those jesuitical attempts for which that prostituted print is so famous—that of copying Machiavel's Wisdom:

"To keep the word of promise to the ear,
But break it to the hope."

This difficulty laid to others, and there appears to be a disposition to have a general battle of politicians, whereon much zeal and character is to be lost in the fray. Interesting times for Inquirer gave the following hints by way of a commencement.

The papers of the District of Columbia for the last four or five weeks presented not only remarkable but disgusting evidences of the moral and vindictive of party. About two weeks ago, the Sun newspaper publicly charged the Hon. Anne Lane, of the United States Senate, guilty of the crimes of falsehood, perjury, forgery, debauchery and theft. All these charges, it preferred on the authority of the Louisville Journal, and that paper challenges Mr. Lane to an investigation before the high tribunals of the country.

On Monday and Thursday, the Globe openly charged Mr. John Quincy Adams with falsehood, and to-day, the United States Telegraph charges Gen. Jackson with falsehood; and in the same paper, the same writer charges Gen. Thos. H. Benton of Missouri, with the following offences:

1st. Of being a brawler and desperado.

2d. Of embezzling public money, and betraying its privacy.

3. Of "stealing a sum of money from the trunk of one of the present members of the General Court Bench of Virginia, which was found wrapped in his pocket and laid around his neck."

4th. Of killing a son of Judge Lucas, whom he had challenged to a duel, under the following circumstances: Benton relied up his antagonist and by concert with his friends, paraded the ground, superintended the same writer charges Gen. Benton of Missouri, with the following offences:

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Philadelphia Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 20, 1836.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Rich & Co's Circular.

ASHES		Sugar-house	42 50
Pots, 1st sort	107	do. N. York	44 50
Pearls	112	do. Philadel.	46 50
BEESWAX	25	Havana	46 50
BRISTLES	17 19	Trinidad	42 43
Amer.		Brazil	40 42
Russia		Ent. Port-au-Prince	34 36
Hog's		Ent. Cape Francois	36
BRIMSTONE		Ent. Jeremie	
Roll	10 10	MACKEREL	
Flour	10 10	No. 1	16 00
CANDLES, dary, free		No. 2	13 50
Sperm	13 14	No. 3	9 11 6 75
Tallow	11 12	Oil,	
Adamantine	13 15	Linseed, Am. free	
COFFEE, Rio	11 12	Whale	87 1 00
do. Cuba	11 13	do. Dukch	
do. Java	13 14	Whale, pil	48 53
COPPER, Sheathing	28	Sperm winter	1 80
Bolts	30	do. spring	1 90
COTTON, dary 3 mo.		PLASTER PARIS	
Alum	105 111	In Casks	1 25
Am. and Tenn.	10 10½	In Schuylkill	
Boston	10 10½	In Store	
Florida	10 10½	PROVISIONS, dary	
Georgia	10 10½	Flaxseed weight	7 7 1 75
Mobile	10 10½	do. clean cash	
New Orleans	10 10½	Timothy bbl.	2 00 2 00
Tennessee	10 10½	Beef, cash	
Upland	10 10½	Orchard grass	2 00
FEATHERS	45 48	Pork, mess	
FISH OIL		Prime	15
Spec in bbls	33	Bone, cash	33
Whale,	33	Lard, in bbls	9
do from wagons	33 33½	do from wagons	10
FLAXSEED		Rice	
FLOUR,		Prime Navesink	
Penna.	10 00	Rye	
Southern	10 00	Am. wash. for bbl.	50 60
Fine	8 50	Do. Penna.	50 60
Fine and Super	10	Do. Jersey	50 60
Do. do. do.	10	Do. Maryland	50 60
Do. do. do.	10	Do. Virginia	50 60
Do. D. C. round	10	do. do. Island	57
do. do.	10	do. do. Island	57
do.	10	do. and corn	55
do.	10	do. and corn	55
Rye, fine	7	Sag. L. do.	45
Do.	7	Sag. L. do.	45
Corn meal	7	Sag. L. do.	45
Do.	7	Sag. L. do.	45
Do.	7	Sag. L. do.	45
Do.

THE OLIO

Tarbuyes the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavours.

[From the Cincinnati Mirror.]

THE USED UP.

The jig is up: I have been fixing
Sly-high—and worse than that.
The girl whose name I have sung,
Whose eyes, when pencil, and wit tongue,
Said "No,"—and I felt flat.

Now, I will neither love nor rant,
Nor my hard fate deplore:
Why should a fellow look sadest
If one girl says she won't or can't,
While there's so many more?

I screw my best—it wouldn't do:
I told her she'd regret—
She'd ruin my heart—and chances, too,
As girls don't like those I loves who
Their walking paper get.

In truth I loved her very well,
And thought that she loved me:
The reason why, I cannot tell,
But, when I wooed this pretty belle—
I was a mistake in me.

She's dark of eye—and her sweet smile,
Like some of which I've read,
Is false—for she, with antics gyle,
Lured me 'mong rocks, and love's bright isle
And there—she cast me dead.

My vanity was wounded sore—
And that I have the worse:
You see, a haughty look I wore,
And thought she could not love me more,
Of all men, me the first.

Well, thank the fates, once more I'm free—
At every shrine I'll bow;
And if, again, a girl cheat me,
Knowing why I game she'll be—
I've cut my eye-teeth now.

Oh, like the bumblebee, I'll rove,
From sweet to sweet, and where I please—
Inhaling sweets from every grove,
Humming around each flower I love,
And donning in each bee.as.

Exaggeration.—A radical, inveighing against the tyranny of the clergy, gave it as his opinion, the other day, that, if they had their own way, they would raise the tithes from a tenth to a twentieth. On the other hand, an unrivaled diminution, by the same figure of speech, may amount to an exaggeration. "I have just met our old acquaintance Daly," said an Irishman to his friend, "and was sorry to see he has almost entirely gone to nothing. You are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together." But the Hibernian sailor exaggerates or diminish when he says that the weather, he said, "There was but little wind, but what there was was dead ahead."—*The Tea Trumpet.*

Transatlantic knowledge.—the comedian, went to America, and remaining there two years, having his taste dependent on her relatives. Mrs. F—— expatiating on the greenroom, on the evening of the second night the comedian found a warm advocate in a well known dramatist. "I have heard," said the latter, "that he is the kindest of men; and I know he regularly writes to his wife by every packet." "I'm, he writes," resumed Mrs. F., "a parcel of flummery about the agony of absence; but he has come to remember me at last." Do you call that kindness?" "Decidedly," replied the author, "*astonishing kindness.*"

The following anecdote is related of an old English lady, who dreaded the idea of having the land overrun by the French soldiery; and, supposed the period when invasion was threatened, there happened to be a thunderstorm, and the smell of the sulphur became so powerful that the old lady exclaimed, addressing herself to the maid, "Good gracious, the French are coming! we shall all be murdered—ruined—annihilated." "Dear Ma'am" said the maid, "why, did you think the French are coming?" "I smell them, Betty," answered the lady. "Smell the Monsieurs," said the maid. "La! ma'am," "Yes! don't you?" "ma'am, said the lady. "No, I only smell the gunpowder." "That's them," replied the worthy dame—"don't you see in the newspapers that their leaks are rowed by oarars?"—*Bell. Gazette.*

A Hard.—A parishioner complained to his parson that his pew would be let from the noise, and that he must purchase non nearer. "Why," said the parson, "can't you hear distinctly?" "O yes, I can hear well enough." "Can't you see plainly?" "Yes I can see perfectly well." "Then what can be the trouble?" "Why there are so many in front of me, who exact what you say first, that by the time your words reach my ears they are as far as distance."

The Mormons.—A gentleman living in Lorraine county, Ohio, has had a most extraordinary case. He has not strung up since the days of Solomon. In the town of Kirtland they have erected a stone temple at an expense of $60,000. In regard to the first instrument, 20 feet high. It has two rows of Gothic windows—The first floor is the place of worship, with four rows of pews and an aisle on each, having three pulpits in a row—Those entire pulpits are two small, and about one foot each other, and are designed, the uppermost row for the bishop and his counselors, the second for the priest and his counsellors, the third for the teachers, and the fourth or lowest for the deacons. Under the deacons between each of the rows of pulpits, is a painted canvass, rolled up to the ceiling; and to let down at pleasure, so as to conceal the galleries from the audience. The room can be divided into four apartments at pleasure, so as to carry on the objects of imposture. The second and third stories are for a lecturing and chemistry room, and which is expected to have the natural labour system attached to it. The third story is very elegant to acquire an education. Men, women and children are studying Hebrew. None of a person, not in the middle age pursue their Hebrew till 12 o'clock, at night and attend to nothing else. They study in a room, and make his revelations. work muscles, heal the sick, &c.

Village Correct Gossip.—A woman in humble life was asked one day, on the way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon. "Wal I has the presumption" was her non, or soul comprehend answer. The quality of the discourse signified nothing to her—she has plenty of it herself, and is as fond of hearing it: and she went to her house justified rather than more of those who had attended to it correctly, or who had turned to the text in their bibles when it was given out. "Well, Master Jackson," said the monster, waking homeward and sober as sure, with an inquiring look, "what do you think of the sermon?" "well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week. And you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church." "Aye, aye," replied Jackson, "it is indeed a blessed day: I works hard enough all the week, and deserves a rest on Sundays, and sees the down, and lays my legs up and thinks of nothing."

"Tender mercies of War."—At the battle of Australia, a detachment of the Shoshill Indians arrived in advance with the Austrians, to intercepting manoeuvre on way, and was gradually hemmed in on three sides on a large extent of smooth space covered with snow. The space was found to be a frozen lake. The French halted at six miles, and commenced a heavy fire of cannon, not on the unfortunate Indians, but on the lake. The ice, loaded with men, horses and guns, at last gave way under the cannon balls, and a number sunk to the bottom. A gentleman was engaged

As old Chippendale, of the garret, died in Paris in a state of the most extreme poverty. He only survived was a nurse, who used to attend with a green grocer. The girl always contrived to get the best and tenderer morsels would permit. When she carried of the death, which took place suddenly, was on the point of being married with a journeyman baker, to whom she had been long attached. The postal day was fixed, and the wedding dresses were brought from the customs. She happened on but lower that her marriage must be deferred, as some wretched the price of her bridal finery to lay her aside decently in the grave.—Her mistress refused the dress, and exhorted her to leave the old rags to be buried by charity. None to refused. The consequence was a quarrel, in which the young woman lost at once her place and her lover, who left her in a fit of passion. The disappointed and miserable girl where to hang herself, and by the assistance her only of her wedding dress, but merely after the rest of her slender wardrobe, she tied the old man decently in it, and then hanged herself. This act of some to her uncle's room seeming latterly, when the had just come the Dutch and French retreated to an man, entered. "Do my good lass—the, I find you have lost your place!" "Yes, sir." "And come to offer you one for me—will you marry me?" "I, sir? you are joking." "No indeed, I would, as well I'm sure you can't find a better." "But every body will laugh at you for marrying a poor girl like me." "Oh! I don't care, as your only objection we shall soon get over it, come, come along, and don't cry, you foolish girl." Natalie hesitated no longer; but she wished to take with her a few of her most distressed uncle; it was a cat that he had had for many years. The old man was so fond of the animal, that he was determined that even death should not separate them; for he had her stuffed and placed on the mantel of his bed. As Natalie took down pots, she uttered an exclamation of surprise at finding her self in a handsome linen drawer, turned to open the animal, when out fell a shower of gold. Their new circumstances were conveyed to the body of the cat, and the man, which the old must had started himself to Rouen, to change the just treated of the worthy girl and her domestic of night.

A certain lady of this city, who was in the habit of using extremely strong language, was reproved by a friend before company, but was accustomed to address her servants in very loose language, to the number of a large party, using this the emotive wanted stuffing, and to one of her servants—"Bid those strapping females of their heads." "Ma'am" said the stupid wench, "Rogers those lumberers of the superstructure from that lean upon them," replied the lady. "Ma'am" repeated the perplexed servant. The would be lady lessons, angry that her servant should thus appear to understand her learned language, cried out in a voice of thunder. "Snuff the candles you lubby"

(From the Delaware State Journal.)

ADVENTURES
OF A TWENTY-FOUR POUND SHOT.

The affair which occurred in the harbour of Toulon at the spring of 1824, when, as firing a salute in honor of the French Admiral's ship, and killed one or two men—made some noise at the time,—but is now almost remembered except as one of those accidents which often occur in naval experience, but which the strictest discipline and the most unremitting vigilance may not always prevent. The first inquiry, and a considered impossible for the discipline of the ship; but much of that impossibility must be, if we may so express it, merely technical: there are many minute details, in reference to which the most vigilant and competent officers must rely upon subordinates, who may not always be trustworthy; and a slight neglect in those details may damage, for the moment, the best conceived plan, and produce events as serious as that which occured at Toulon. It was the loss of life, and not the infrequency of the occurring of the accident at Toulon, that gave it an air of national importance; for such things have occurred more than once before, as well in our service as in the naval service of other countries, without exciting remark beyond the spot where it happened. These rounds once harbour, outside of the immense fleet of ships lying which is always to be found in the French Mediterranean. In the distance was to be seen the city, its port enclosed in a semicircle of almost every description, and between them and the Ocnaria, a number of Hydra, Turkish, and other craft.

On the morning of the 23d, the gallant sloop was crowded with people from every mast head to pay honor of the father of his country; and Captain B. went ashore to transact some affairs with the American Consul Mr. Offley, leaving orders for the customary observance of the day. The ceremonial accordingly took recruit, that preparations should be made for the birth day salute. Orders also went from the gun deck, to the starting due services the routine is to draw the shot and lay it along side of the gun; so that the officer, if powder should be found dry, may have the satisfaction observing the shot, is satisfied of the fact. On this occasion it happened that the cabin guns were first drawn, and to avoid lumbering the cabin, were directed to be carried away. One of these, it appears, was from carelessness, or hurry, was laid along side of one of the guns in the waist, before that gun had been drawn; and to the slight circumstances were owing the incidences of the day.

While the noise was firing, the attention of the first lieutenant was attracted by the report of one of the guns, and he immediately called out—

"Gunner—what gun was that?"

"No, Sir—the gunner replied—there is the shot in the gun."

"No matter for that—said the lieutenant—I am satisfied from the report, that the gun was discharged."

"I do not think so, Sir—rejoined the gunner—but to say true, the report was so important that the shot could do no harm.

The gun had been depress-ed to prevent damage to the neighboring shipping, from the wadding.

The salute was fired, and the lieutenant had gone below, leaving the second lieutenant in charge of the deck. While the officer was more particularly in command of commanding ord, he observed a boat pulling off from the French gun brig, they were near the bow, and steering for the Ocaria. She was soon alongside, and a Dutch lieutenant stepped upon the deck, and addressed himself to the officer on his deserter.

Mein Got, Sir—was his first salutation—you fired a shot into us not one, which carried away our mast in pieces and almost kill a man.

The American officer expressed his deep regret at his accident, and requested the Dutch officer to step aboard while he communicated the circumstance to the first lieutenant. Stepping to the quarter, he called down to an under tone to the first lieutenant the following—"Mr. Jones, you've shot a Dutchman this morning."

"Shot a Dutchman—impossible!" cried the lieutenant.

"It's a fact—here's an officer from the Dutch gun brig on board of us, and he tells me we've carried away his mast, and almost killed a man.

"Then for G-d's sake my dear fellow, get a boat go on board, explain the accident and make every possible apology—ascertain what damage has been done and offer to repair it."

The officer went on board the Dutch brig and explained the accident to the captain, who declared in very reasonable man and satisfied with the explanation. The officer then asked if any damage had been done to the ship. To which the captain replied, that a shot came through the bulwarks, and carried away the main mast, which had been repaired with a new one, and that one man had been killed by splinters. The officer, on hearing this, stated that he was sorry to hear it, and that he would report the circumstance to his commander, and that he was sure that he would make every reparation in his power. The officer then returned to his ship, and reported the circumstance to the first lieutenant, who immediately reported it to the captain, who was then on shore. The officer was then sent back to the Dutch brig, to say that the captain would be on board in a few minutes, and